ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

*Bar.* Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuẽ ouer; and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou runſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How



How now, dame *Partlet* the
yet who pickt my Pocket?
*Hoſt.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what
I keepe theeues in my houſe
haz my husband, man by
the tight of a haire was neue
*Fal.* Ye lie Hoſteſſe, *Bard*
and Ile be ſworne my Pock
man, goe.
*Hoſ.* Who I? I defie thee
mine owne houſe before.
*Fal.* Goe to, I know you
*Hoſ.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you do
*Sir Iohn*, you owe me mon
rell to beguile me of it: I bo
backe.
*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doula
wiues, they haue made Bou
*Hoſ.* Now as I am a true w
owe money heere beſides,
ings, and mony lent you, x
*Fal.* He had his part of it,
*Hoſ.* He? alas he is poore,
*Fal.* How; poore? looke
let them coine his Noſe, let
a denyer: what, will you ma
mine eaſe in mine Inne, but
loſt a ſeale Ring of my Gran
*Hoſ.* O Ieſu, I haue heard
oft, that that Ring was Cop
*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a
were here, I would cudgel hi
*Enter the Prince march*
*Playing on his*
*Fal.* How now Lad, is the
Muſt we all march?
*Bar.* Yea, two and two;
*Hoſ.* My Lord, I pray yo

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